

Manhunt 3v1 (gone sexual)

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by [Anonymous000000000](#)

Summary

George the hunter gets hunted and kisses his way out.

Enjoy

George's lungs burned, he was going as fast as his legs could take him despite the armor he wore weighing him down. Although he had a sword that swung on his hip while he ran, he knew he was no match against Dream alone.

He planned to outrun him long enough for Sapnap or Bad to catch up, but the plan is seeming to falter over time as the speed runner got closer.

"George~!" Dream called in a playful tone, he sounded close behind him. He can't even stop for a second or he's dead.

George wasn't sure how much longer his legs can last, he doesn't wanna die, not like this. He doesn't want these heaving breaths of his be his last.

Maybe he could trick him? Or try to hold him off long enough for help to arrive. He isn't sure what to do but he has to think of a plan soon.

After a moment longer of sprinting as far as he could he decided to peek behind him mid run. Dream is...

Gone?

George halted his running abruptly and spun around to see Dream long gone. Had he given up?

George looked around one more time before leaning up against a tree to catch his breath. He was sticky of sweat and felt like his legs were on fire. He let his eyes shut for one second before hearing a twig snap nearby, immediately opening them back up with his sword already drawn in defense. He held his breath before leaning over the tree slightly to check what broke the silence.

Nothing.

He checked the other side of the tree he was leaning on.

Nothing.

George was ready to huff a sigh of relief, but when he turned back a blade was at his throat. His breath hitched at the cold steel and before he could think Dream spoke.

"Drop the sword," His tone lifeless and cold.

George gasped and flinched away from the sword as it was pressed closer to him, accidentally dropping his weapon in the process.

"George!" The two heard Sapnap call from the distance. Dream tilted the sharpened blade towards George's throat in a motion meaning to stay quiet or else. Dream used his other hand to sign a shushing motion just in case George didn't get the jist.

This time Bad called out his name and the two stood still in silence.

George didn't want to die like this, George didn't want to die. Either way he doesn't see a way out of this, if he replies he will die to Dream's blade, but if he remains silent it won't change his fate.

So his decision is either stay silent like a sheep waiting for slaughter, or bleed out right now with an extremely small chance of survival.

Yeah, he's fucked.

But he isn't gonna die quietly.

He took in a quick breath to scream his heart out, but Dream was quick to slam his hand onto the other boys mouth shutting him up immediately.

George bit into Dream's hand hard enough to draw blood. Dream swore under his breath and pressed his hand harder onto George's mouth, painfully keeping it shut.

The masked man leaned his body closer to George, basically towering over him and pinning him even closer to the tree. George squeezed his eyes shut, ready for the blade to slide against his neck at any given moment.

"Sapnap I think they went this way, come on," He heard Bad call out, both of them listened to the crunching of leaves get further and further away.

His only way of help.

His last chance.

Gone.

George opened his eyes to be face to face with Dream's mask.

This is it, his last moment alive.

No. He has to think. Quickly.

"Any last words, George?" Dream asked letting his bleeding hand move slightly so his palm remained on George's cheek so he could speak.

George does have his last words, and he isn't gonna like it, but it definitely beats dying.

Here goes nothing.

He gulped before responding in a shaky breath, "I- I love you dream."

The taller boy seemed to pause, so George took the opportunity he was given and decided to push his luck a little more.

"Did you miss me, Dream?"

George lifted up his shaky hands as Dream tensed up, but George did not plan on harming his old friend. Instead, he softly cupped the mask on Dreams face with one hand and held onto Dreams bleeding hand with the other. Dream remained quiet, as if he was observing, not knowing what to do, or simply just taken aback by the sudden closeness.

George moved his head carefully so his mouth was underneath Dreams hand once again. He hesitated before kissing the bite marks he left on Dream's bloodied hand.

"I'm sorry I bit you so hard, I was just scared. I love-"

"Shut up," Dream growled in a shaky tone, as he pulled his hand away from the kisses.

If only George could see his face. Which gave him the idea to use the other hand to cup onto Dreams mask and tilt his head carefully, mindful of the blade that remained on his neck.

Dream hasn't slit his throat yet, so he took that as an invitation, carefully yet slowly pulled Dreams masked face towards him and placed a quick peck onto the masks smile.

"I missed you, Dream," Despite the situation, what George has said made his heart stutter. He really did miss the old Dream he would joke with, he missed when they would spend most of their days and nights together, he missed seeing him.

Oh how times have changed.

What George has said seemed to have succeeded in making Dream vulnerable, as his hand slowly moved the others mask only to reveal pink lips before a calloused hand reached up to the hand pulling the mask to stop the motion. But the sliver of Dream's face was all George needed to execute his next move, cautiously leaning slightly closer to Dream as the blade threatened to cut skin.

George then proceeded to kiss the taller boy on the lips softly as he let his eyes fall shut. The blade on his throat lifted off lightly as the masked man slightly tilted his face for better access to the kiss.

Dream let his sword drop to the ground as he uses his free hand to hold onto the others waist, and

moved his bitten hand to cup the side of George's face to deepen the kiss. He bit the shorter boy's lip expecting the other to gasp in surprise and take the chance to invite his own tongue inside. George whimpered and that only drove the other to kiss him harder.

The bigger man pulled back allowing them both to breathe and huff against each other's lips before going in for round two.

Dream snaked his hand that rested on George's waist up into his shirt feeling the pale soft flesh under his rough scarred hand.

George pulled back to gasp at the sudden touch and rested the back of his head onto the tree while his cheeks heat up. Dream took that chance to kiss the other's neck while it's vulnerable. George bit his lip hard to avoid the moan that threatened to escape his throat.

But before Dream could even process it, he felt someone grab at the back of his hoodie and pull him off the brunette, throwing him forcibly to the ground.

"DREAM!" Sarnap roared as he wielded his sword and stabbed towards the other's face.

Just in time, Dream dodged the blade as it etched into the ground barely missing his face. Quickly getting up, Dream looked at George sitting still with his blushed face in shock, then forced his eyes back to the other hunter as he pulled his blade out of the ground and wielded towards Dream once again in a protective manner.

His heart bled as he realized he was played for a fool in George's game, how stupid he was, falling for it. He jerked back from the swinging sword one more time before making a run for it. An arrow struck him into the completely forgetting the third hunter that showed up for the fight, he cursed out loud and grabbed onto it before running in the opposite direction.

Bad reloaded his crossbow aimed to shoot again, while Sarnap laid his hand on George's shoulder looking for any signs of bleeding or harm done to him.

"Did he hurt you?" Sarnap asked with his brows furrowed in a worried expression.

George seemed to snap out of trance shaking his head, "Yeah, I'm fine."

"You're bleeding!" Bad pointed out while George reaches up to touch what Bad was pointing out to reveal the blood that was left on his lips from kissing Dream's bitten hand.

"It's not mine-"

"Is that Dream's blood? Hell yeah, let's go!"

"Language!"

"Oh fuck Dream is getting away c'mon-"

"LANGUAGE!"

George went to grab his sword, fumbling it twice before gaining a grip onto it again.

How is he gonna hunt Dream after what just happened?

The two other hunters ran after Dream's blood trail while George follows hoping the heat in his face and gut would cool off.

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